

Honor

—Joseph Miller

It's all you keep
As an infantryman
I disdain stylistic verse
Shows of emotion
And pretension in all forms

But an image reemerges
The silhouette, the sound
A flash, explosion
A projectile grows larger
As if it were an 1980s arcade game

But no points float in the air
Only a man falls to the ground lifeless
A terrorist certainly
But by no mistake a man
He comes back every night

His family asks me why
I have no answer...

Though I've done no wrong
I feel such sorrow
Why should he hate me
Why should I kill him
I don't know

But the men in my truck
Are still here
Finding their way home
Updating the world about Cowboys
Seminoles, Giants, and Lions
Of friends lost, lovers gained

I was there when they needed me
I will always have that
It helps me sleep